At such a conuoy, who came off brauely, who was shot,
Who disgraced, what termes the enemy stood on.
And this they con perfectly in phrase of warre,
Which they tricke vp with new tun'd oathes,
And what a beard of the Generals cut,
And a horrid shout of the Campe
Will do among the foming bottles and alewasht wits
Is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne
To know such slanders of this age,
Or else you may meruellously be mistooke.

Flew. Certaine Captaine *Gower*, it is not the man,
Looke you, that I did take him to be:
But when time shall serue, I shall tell him a little
Of my desires: heere comes his Maiesty.

Enter King, Clarence, Gloster, and others.

King. How now *Flewellen*, come you from the bridge?

Flew. I and it shall please your Maiesty,
There is excellent seruice at the bridge.

King. What men haue you lost *Flewellen*?

Flew. And it shall please your Maiesty,
The partition of the aduersary hath beene great,
Very reasonably great, but for our owne parts,
I thinke we haue lost neuer a man, vnlesse it be one
For robbing of a Church, one *Bardolfe*, if your Maiesty
Know the man, his face is full of whelks, and knubs,
And pumples, and his breath blowes at his nose
Like a coale, sometimes red, sometimes plew;
But God be praised, now his nose is executed,
And his fire out.

King. We would haue all offenders so cut off,
And here we giue expresse commandement,
That there be nothing taken from the villages
But paid for; none of the French abused,
Or vpbraided with disdainfull language:
For when cruelty and lenity play for a Kingdome,
The gentlest gamester is the sooner winner.

Enter

Enter th

Herald. You know n
King. Well then, we
What should we kn
Her. My Masters mi
Her. Go thee vnto *H*
Aduantage is a better s
Although we did seem
Now we speake vpon
England shall repent h
And admire our suffera
His pettinesse would b
For the effusion of our
For the disgrace we ha
At our feete, a weake a
To this, adde defiance.
So much from the King

King. VVhat is thy
Herald. Montioy.
King. Thou dost th
And tell thy King, I d
But could be well con
To march on to *Callis*
(Though tis no wisedo
Vnto an enemy of craf
My souldiers are with
My Army lessened, an
Almost no better then
VVho when they wer
I thought vpon one p
Did march three Fren
Yet God forgiue me,
Your aire of *France* h
I must repent, go tell
My ransome is this fr
My Army but a weak